

Her name is Yukino. had believed, however it appeared as though she didn't share my sentiment. 、あなたのことを

吉田基已











LIKE





































Xukino, I was reborn the moment I met you.



Yukimo did you really forget me?





just once more, I went to feel your lovely feet in my kends.

My heart yearns to sently caress your finance, so soft and so delicate, one by are.



If I know not my place, if my wish is maught but a fentage, allow me, at least, to gaze upon those fair feet, hidden by such an impossibly thin skroud. Its modesty but a will for its ever deeper pervension.

Those are my sardines. And I am your little kitters

I can almost feel your soft flesh, ready to burst forth from the skintight nylon chains constricting it.

It cruehes into an unsightly mass those delicate lace frills, like ribbons to the most luxurious, sensual and sensoth chocolates that are the parties protecting your most precious secret.





And so I wait for that sweet and ripe aroma to guish forth from your deepest, wettest spring as it bursts open.



















